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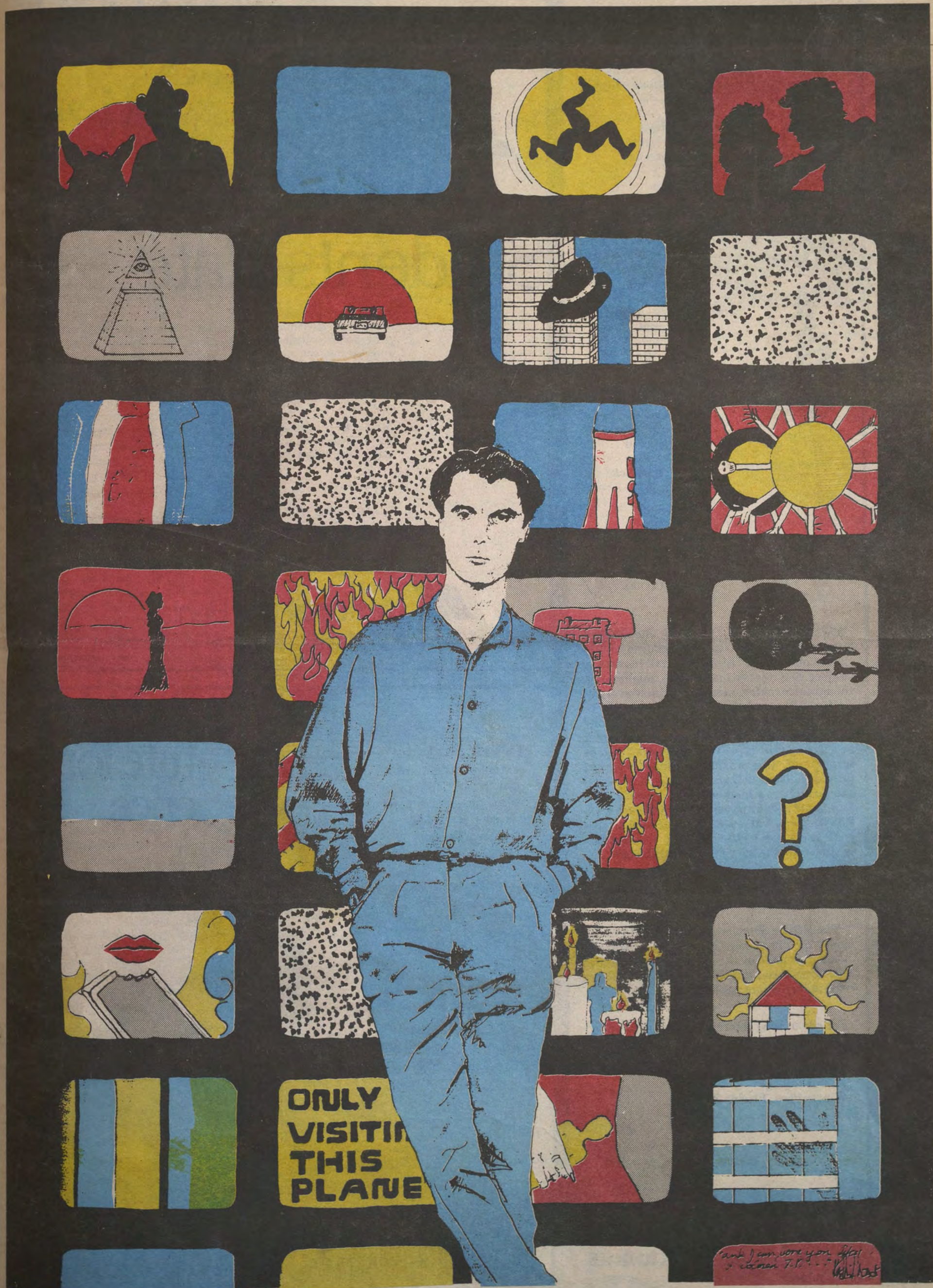
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Volume 93

Issue 6



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voices

The Human Frontier: Our Most Urgent Challenge

by Alan Nordstrom

Is anybody searching about for New Frontiers any more? Is the exploring instinct still alive in humankind? If so, where is it most vitally engaged today, and where should it be? What are the most important frontiers to press on to, map out, and convert from wilderness to civilization?

Outer space seems to be the most prominent frontier and after that the oceans' abyss. These, at least, are the clearest examples of old-style physical frontiers that summon human hardiness and technical expertise to surpass. Also a few heroic soloists persist in setting records of speed, distance, or endurance, proving their personal courage and the refinements of their inventions, as in hot-air ballooning or human-powered flight.

But those are really old frontiers pushed to new extremes. Are there any truly new frontiers? Time travel would be a new frontier, though it's one frequently explored in fiction. Interspecies travel would also be new, though that too has been vividly imagined from the first werewolf and vampire tales to such recent movies as *Altered States* and *Cat People*.

The new frontier that intrigues me most is that of inner space, what has lately been dubbed the "frontier of consciousness." In Western culture this fron-

tier has been widely recognized and explored only during the last generation or so, which is to say that though the frontier has existed forever, next to no one has paid attention to it or aggressively thought to extend it. Remember, I'm talking about Western culture, not Eastern, where adventures in the elevation of consciousness have been a perennial spiritual practice.

Put together two commonplace observations. First, 19th century psychologist William James' assertion that human beings ordinarily use only 10% of their mental capacities. Second, the cliché that Western technological development has advanced far further than our moral and political savvy. To me, this suggests the frontier we most need to explore, while we still have the chance. Call it the Human Frontier.

What an utter waste the world makes of its human potential! How little of our human capacities, especially our highest capacities, come close to being perfected. This psychic devastation may be understandable in lands where hunger and poverty and cultural deprivation obtain, but in affluent America, with its opportunities for wide-scale human development unique in the world's history, what excuse do we have for not bursting the human frontier of higher consciousness?



Perhaps our excuse is that we still don't see this particular, intangible frontier. It is not physical; it is psychological and spiritual. We still don't recognize that it's possible for human beings to climb to higher rungs of awareness, to transcend their present mental conditions, not to become sharper, quicker, or more knowledgeable, but to become wiser and farther seeing.

"Wisdom" is little talked about these days. I think, not the way "intelligence" or "IQ" or "aptitude" or "skill" is talked about and prized. Wisdom just comes with age, maybe, we suppose. But I say that wisdom is the unexplored human frontier we most need to discover and colonize.

What do we really mean by "wisdom" and "higher consciousness" and "human potential"? What are the real possibilities for transforming ourselves into a higher species or even of living up to our boast of being *homo sapiens*, wise man? That is what we have yet to discover, and must, very soon.

Sonia Johnson: Fighting the System

Sonia Johnson, feminist, author, peace activist, mother of four, holder of a doctorate in education from Rutgers, is perhaps best known for being excommunicated from the Mormon Church because she supported the Equal Rights Amendment in 1979. It is ironic that among her accomplishments, she is best known nationally for her disagreements with the patriarchal structure of the Mormon Church. It is this act that Sonia herself calls "poetic justice". It is what launched her into the public eye, and propelled her on her way to becoming a feminist political figure and 1984 presidential candidate.

Sonia spoke to a capacity audience at Rollins College on November 20th. She is, undoubtedly, a small woman with a big message. Calling the Mormon Church the model for "blatant patriarchy", she states "as long as God is male, male is God." It is her conviction that if we understand the model of the patriarchal church, we understand the system.

Using the personal as a springboard to the political, Sonia Johnson weaves her personal story of feminist awakening into a method of understanding and solving worldwide problems of oppression. Using the patriarchal model as a guide, she exhorts men and women alike to reconsider the balance within that

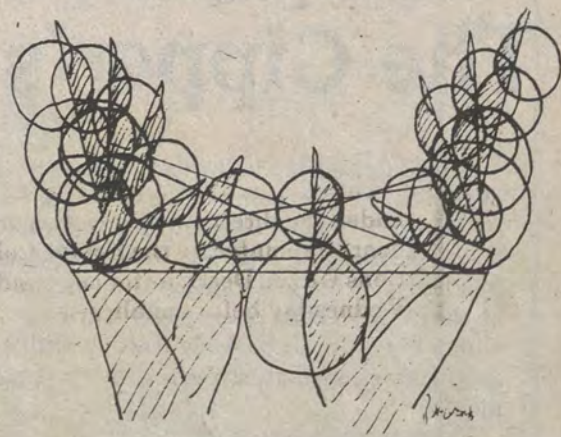
system. Women's contribution, she says, is "constructive not destructive". Women are peace-makers by nature. She thinks that the peace which women tend to promote in personal relationships; love, must be used in healing the diseases that plague both our nation and the world.

She refers to feminism as a bridge between the present oppressive world and the possible future world of peace and love. The very fact that feminism and feminists exist can give us hope that that visionary world can be achieved. She compares the world's state of disorder to an uncompleted puzzle. The missing center piece, the one piece that can let everything fit and work together, she says, is feminism. How women are treated, how the half of the world which is oppressed is treated, is central to solving the problems.

"The Women's Movement," she says, "if it were not about love, there would not be a woman on the planet who would be interested." Feminism is, a world view, a way of Being.

The groups which sponsored Sonia's speech are Pinehurst, the SGA, the Student Center Board, COL and Women's Studies. They would like to thank everyone who came and contributed to the making of a successful evening.

Suzanne and Tiffany



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REMEMBER TO STOP BY THE STUDENT AID OFFICE IN CARNEGIE TO PICK UP FINANCIAL AID FORMS BEFORE GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS BREAK. FORMS SHOULD BE MAILED MID JANUARY TO BE ON TIME FOR RENEWAL OF STUDENT AID.

VOICES.....

ETC.



The Search For Truth, Justice, and Something American That I Can Stand

I just don't feel safe here anymore, that's all. Anytime, anywhere in the city of Dublin, they can leap out at me. I've even seen them in other parts of the country! They just appear, the woman in her plaid skirt, the man in his new sweater and tweed hat, both carrying cameras, and both wearing (shudder) green! "I don't know, Dear," the woman always says, shaking her grey head. "Are you sure that is what she wants?"

"I think so," the man usually responds. "It's only 65 pounds, anyway." Then in unison, they yell at the saleslady. "Can we get some help around here?" They buy the lace leprechaun, or the stone with the shamrock painted on it, and then they leave, complaining. Change falls from the man's pockets as he leaves the store, but neither of them bothers to pick it up.

American tourists. They are everywhere! They hide in the spaces between the racks of Aran sweaters and the shelves of Waterford crystal, just waiting for the right moment to take over the store. The best thing about them is the trail of loose change that follows them down the street. And any time I see them in a store or a restaurant, I feel the urge to tell everyone I am Canadian. If Iran had been a popular American tourist destination, I'm telling you, the hostages would never have gotten out alive. I wish I knew where all of the tolerable Americans go on their vacations!

Fortunately, tourists are not the only American items imported into Ireland. "American style beefburgers" seem to be the new culinary rage. Dublin has its share of MacDonald's and Burger King franchises, but you can also get your hamburger fix from the supermarket in a box decorated with the American flag and pictures of Refrigerator Perry. We have Kentucky Fried Chicken sold right in the city centre, along with

a host of small places that boast "Southern Fried Chicken sold here!" We even have Kellogg's cereals — corn flakes and everything! Fast food and cold cereal aren't exactly gourmet cuisine, but they are something. Somehow, though, these things are different here.

For example, I was watching television the other day, and I saw a woman wearing a fancy white dress smile at her handsome companion in the dim romantic light of the restaurant. In the background, soft voices hummed, "You get much more . . . at MacDonald's." MacDonald's????! What are they talking about? I wouldn't wear a dress like that for a date to MacDonald's on a bet! And I certainly wouldn't consider the place a romantic nightspot!

And if that weren't bad enough, the commercial following that fiasco showed a bunch of kids eating their cereal to a complicated, crunching rhythm. CRUNCH, crunch, CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH! Just when I was about to throw my shoe at the TV set, a man announced, "Kellogg's Corn Flakes — crispy, tastey, WAKY WAKY WAKY!" Is this the level to which the beloved Corn Flake has sunk? Food noises and baby babble? I just couldn't believe it!

American products are simply not the same here. Frosted Flake cereal is called "Frosties" and it bears the legend, "By special appointment to Her Royal Majesty" on the side of the package. MacDonald's charges for ketchup. Cosmopolitan Magazine doesn't have a model whose breasts are falling out of her clothes on the cover. Even the news from the United States seems different. While I was listening to the radio the other day, the announcer began, "U.S. President Reagan claims . . ." and I couldn't believe it. At home, Reagan doesn't "claim" anything. He may "an-

nounce," or "reply," or maybe even "imply" something, but he doesn't "claim."

Just when I had decided that American things, aside from obnoxious tourists, assembly line cuisine, and ridiculous ads, that is, simply do not travel well, I saw something that brightened my whole day:

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES! Sure, they were made by Cadbury, a British company, but they were definitely good old American chocolate chip cookies. If I've seen anything here that makes me proud to be American, the chocolate chip cookie is it. Now, if only someone would work on getting Bloom County over here . . .

by Beth Rapp



"Bye, Bye Bonzo" - The Gipper's Latest Goof

Ronald Reagan has unleashed yet another movie on the unsuspecting public this month, but "Bedtime for Bonzo" is "Amadeus" compared to the Gipper's latest epic musical, "Bye, Bye Bonzo". Reagan, this time both directing and starring in a movie co-written by those zany White House staffers, tries to zap us with a hip musical, but only ends up with a stale spaghetti western that leaves a bad taste in this critic's mouth.

The plot stands out as the movie's worst feature. I mean, c'mon, selling weapons to a fanatically anti-American country and then funnelling the funds to a Swiss Bank Account intended for Nicaraguan Contras? Does Reagan think that the American public is going to believe such an implausible story? Even Prince's movies have a more believable plot than this disaster. Reagan sees fit to throw in every conventional movie hook — the Swiss Bank Account, the secret meetings, the "anonymous source", and of course, the old "shred the evidence" gag. While it may have been original 13 years ago in "Tricky Dick Does Watergate", "Bye, Bye Bonzo" just reheats the leftovers of that Nixon classic.

The characters, unlike the incomprehensible plot, are sadly two-dimensional and predictable. We have the sneaky Marine Colonel, unconvincingly played by newcomer Oliver North; the self-righteous Secretary of State, portrayed by George Shultz, fresh from his two-week appearance in Iceland; and Nancy Reagan as "Mommie", vowing to "stand by her man".

Of course, we have to single out the star of the show for dishonorable mention. His dialogue is more of the same talk that we've heard in every Reagan movie,

and although he's said some things so many times before, he still has trouble remembering the lines. His make-up, too, seems to be slipping just a bit; this time you can see the space behind his eyes. While the vast nothingness of desolation often lurked below the surface in some of his earlier performances, this time the huge vacuum of endless space is glaringly obvious.

Having taken it upon himself to direct, star in, and co-write in "Bye, Bye Bonzo", one has to assume that the Gipper had something to do with the cinematog-

raphy, too. The light is never clear, leaving the picture always out of focus.

The only faintly redeemable quality of the movie, in this reviewer's mind, are the lyrics to the musical productions. But don't go to "Bye, Bye Bonzo" for the songs — buy the soundtrack and stay away from this disaster at all costs.

The Sandspur movie critic
(Who may or may not resemble the editor)



"AN IDEA DRILL, ACTUALLY....ANY TIME AN IDEA BREAKS OUT IN A TEXTBOOK, THE ALARM RINGS AND THE CHILDREN EXIT IMMEDIATELY IN SINGLE FILE AND WAIT 50 YARDS FROM THE BUILDING UNTIL THE 'ALL CLEAR' SOUNDS...."

Report Says Students Are Less Liberal, But Not More Conservative

LOS ANGELES, CA (CPS) — Students have become less interested in liberal arts, are more vulnerable to job pressures, are probably less liberal but aren't necessarily more conservative than they were 20 years ago, a report released last week by the Higher Education Research Institute (HERI) at UCLA says.

UCLA, along with the American Council on Education, surveys some 200,000 college freshmen a year about their college plans, their social attitudes and their political beliefs.

To mark the 20th anniversary of the surveys, HERI officials issued a report summarizing some of their major finds.

The most obvious change, says HERI's Dr. K.C. Green, is in the majors students choose. There have been sharp drops in the numbers of math, humanities and liberal arts, science, and education majors. Green says the biggest increase has been in business.

"Students are going to college (armed with) job preferences," he says. "For the first time, we're seeing the (number of students aiming primarily) to be financially well off increasing."

By the same token, Green notes, student interest in developing "a meaningful philosophy of life" is decreasing.

"We're in the materialistic age now. The country is just emerging from the worst economic period since the thirties," he says. "It cut a wide swathe across (the nation). Students are saying 'I don't want this to happen to me.'"

Such "materialism" also keeps showing up in surveys by the Institute for Social Research (ISR) at the University of Michigan, which runs another annual nationwide survey of student attitudes.

"We're seeing similarities (to the UCLA study) in freshman statements on desired and preferred work settings," the ISR's Dr. Jerald Bachman reports. "Students prefer to be employed by large corporations now."

Bachman suspects it's because the job market is "too crowded now. These kids are at the tail end of the Baby Boom, and they are going to suffer the most."

Whatever the reasons, Green thinks "the declining interest in certain majors — like engineering (which has lost about 68,000 students) — doesn't bode well for the nation's future."

"Every major has gone through 'boom/bust' cycles," says Bachman. "When engineering was flooded several years ago, fewer students went in."

Perhaps most surprisingly, Green says the HERI surveys disprove the popular notion that college students are becoming more conservative politically.

While fewer students now call themselves "liberal", about the same number of students call themselves "conservative" today as 20 years ago.

The "real growth" area of the collegiate political spectrum, he says, has been among students who call themselves "middle of the road."

But when asked to take a position on specific issues, even students who label themselves as "conservative" tend to espouse traditionally liberal stances, Green says.

The vast majority of students support abortion rights, want a bigger federal role in social issues and would like to see defense spending cut.

"The students know the issues," he explains. "There is a very clear, very strong student support (base) for typically liberal issues. The only real place we saw a decline was in 'law and order.'"

Increasingly conservative on that point, more students agree that "there is too much concern in the courts for the rights of criminals" than ever

before. Similarly, more students support the death penalty than 20 years ago.

Michigan's Bachman notes some other political changes, too. "Democrats had a preponderance (of student loyalty) ten years ago. We've seen some modified shift. There's more balance now between the Republicans and Democrats, but the largest number by far is still not committed to either party."

"Students are really not that much different from the rest of the country as a whole," Bachman notes, "and that's true in just about anything."

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David Byrne's Dream Factory

by
Cathy Collins
&
Roy Starling

I saw "True Stories" by accident, which is probably the best way to see it. First of all, don't go expecting to see another "Stop Making Sense". Don't go expecting to see anything you've seen before. The usher warned us that it was wierd on our way in. "Hang tight," he said.

When the first Talking Heads film "Stop Making Sense" came out, David Byrne made an appearance on David Letterman. (He was the only guest that ever out-Davided Dave) The thing I remember most about this outrageous performer of big suit fame was his incongruously soft-spoken reply to David Letterman's query about the origin of the off-the-wall ideas in "Stop Making Sense". "I like to do things I've never seen before," he said quietly. David Byrne projects an eerie normalcy: If Fred Rogers and Anthony Perkins had a baby, it would be David Byrne.

The concept of things "never done before" resurfaces in "True Stories." After a bizarre fashion show sequence, (sponsored by the "Dream Factory") David Byrne as narrator thanks his hostess, telling her "I've never see anything like that before." Other great thinkers besides David Byrne have elaborated on this concept of re-vision as revelation. Dante calls it "When one meets oneself as if for the second time." Dante wrote a revolutionary best seller about it, called the *Divine Comedy*. David Byrne's sister calls it "David's way of looking differently at something old." "True Stories" combines some of Dante's basic ideas with a great soundtrack.

Dante's Pilgrim is led through Hell and Purgatory by a guide called Virgil. In his movie about "a bunch by people in (mythical) Virgil, Texas" David Byrne, playing a narrator in a cowboy hat and a red convertible ("This is not a rental car. It's privately owned," he tells us,) guides the viewer through this town's centennial "Celebration of Specialness." The tracking shots and the narrator's over-the-shoulder direct address make us feel that we're in the car during this bizarrely ordinary journey into the lives of the people of Virgil.

The movie follows the "True Stories" (culled from tabloids) of the inhabitants of Virgil, with the country bachelor Lewis Fyne ("Looking for Matrimony with a capital 'M'") emerging as the unlikely hero. Fyne's anthem "People Like Us" rejects the overblown symbols and concepts mocked in the "Puzzling Evidence" and "Love For Sale" sequences in the lyrics "We don't want freedom, we don't want justice, we just want someone to love."

"Times are hard for people like us", Byrne suggests - people who don't want to slap a convenient label on things, the way commercialism does. Byrne looks at the externals first-architecture, malls, the Varicorp plant, but turns them inside out so the movie is ultimately a celebration of humanity in a complex and puzzling world.

David Byrne sees the mall as a place where people are inventing a system of beliefs. "We make it up as we go along," he says, harkening back to Speaking in Tongues' "Naive Melody." With technology as the new religion ("there are no weekends any more") and love become something that's advertised on TV. ("I'll be a video for you if you turn my dial.") What else can we do but make it up as we go along?

Byrne is a master of the fusion of organic and industrial. (Just look at these ideas: "Dream Factory," "City of Dreams," the "Puzzling Evidence" sequence where a hand chases an airplane, and a bowler hat placed on a skyscraper) as can be seen in the previous Head's album title "More Songs About Buildings and Food." Byrne sees life in the twentieth-century for what it is - in its totality - its ugliness, stupidities, mundanities, and strange beauties - yet refuses to get alienated by it all.

David Byrne sees life as a 4 car garage with "Hope, fear, excitement, and satisfaction" parked inside. Like a spooky gentle little kid with big eyes, Byrne takes it all in but passes no judgement. He's Holden Caulfield slightly grown up and not so god-damn alienated. Or maybe he's Holden's older brother, D.B., the one Holden was so disgusted with because he went to Hollywood to make movies.

The movie has the same cartoon quality as Robert Altman's "Nashville" (same producer), but minus the vicious satirical edge of "Nashville." David Byrne's vision of the twentieth century is a lot nicer than Altman's. Driving past a wasteland of scrub brush, Byrne asks "Who can say this is not beautiful?" David Byrne is content not to put things in a box - to live with the greys rather than nailing things down as *definitely black or white*. As Barbara Carson expressed in last year's commencement speech, "there is no single answer to any question worth asking" and "The truth often lies in the meeting of contraries." David Byrne recognizes this and doesn't seek to change the people in his world.

This recognition of a comfortable ambiguity can be seen in the character of Lewis Fyne, who although a hard-core romantic, likes sad songs, "likes to lie on the floor and let the sadness wash over him." The cutesy woman he is wooing says, troubled, "I don't think I could have such sadness in my life." To David Byrne, sadness is OK, it's just part of the whole story.

This is the man who wrote that heaven is a place where nothing ever happens. In talking about his beliefs about music, he says, "Personally, I believe . . . that I can see Fort Worth from here," stating in a humorous way Poet Michael Blumenthal's sentiment that "belief is simply a lie that we do not tire of" - our own truth; our own "True Story." Byrne and Blumenthal both express a "new modern" attitude, a sort of embrace of the bad with the good, a gracious existentialism. In *Time* magazine's cover story, Byrne is said to find contrasts untroubling - "I discovered that it's more fun to like things, that you can kind of like things and still be gently critical, without blind acceptance."

This might be a statement of the distilled philosophy of "True Stories." Byrne doesn't condemn the people in his world, for as in "City of Dreams" - the movie's theme song, he sings "*Underneath the concrete, their dream is still alive.*" In factories and cities in the puzzle of today's world, Byrne recognizes the essential humanity in dreams, which prevents him from rejecting the big picture.



True Stories

True Stories

by
Kathi Rhoads

As a friend and I bought our tickets a man asked us what the movie was about. "It's about a Town in Texas called Virgil." I replied, taking the easy route while my companion gave him the background - that David Byrne directed it. His immediate reaction - for he was not of our generation but of one older than ours, more aged, just a man trying to pass the time - "Is it a concert?" he asked with a slightly digusted expression upon his brows. We assured him that this was not true and entered the theatre.

The ticket taker tore our tickets and asked us which movie we were going to see - it wasn't really busy there, so he was probably trying to pass the time too. We told him 'True Stories', he looked at us with raised eyebrows and cautioned - "It's real wierd."

When reading the recent *Time* article on David Byrne he was quoted as saying: "I discovered that it's more fun to like things, that you can kind of like things and still be gently critical, without blind acceptance." His direction of True Stories brings this into focus in the movie. As a public whose tastes are usually catered to, this type of movie may shake us up a bit, or just plain confuse us. After all, we are used to seeing at least five people getting killed violently in the course of a film.

This is not a movie like that. It's a movie about many things. One of these things is the town of Virgil, Texas. This town looks and feels like just about any other town that anyone grew up in. But to its inhabitants it is a nation all to itself. It has

history - just like any other town, and a heritage of tradition. But the point is made that its history does not just stop at the present. The people of Virgil know this and embrace it. They attempt to have a balanced unity of their tradition and their old lifestyle and the present/future of technology and the beliefs of Americans today. The belief of the future, the technology that is to come that is in its first stages of infancy now. It also incorporates into this unity the belief of commercialism, as every other place must. The prostitution of sales items subliminally or blatantly is stressed time and again in what we see every day. This side of life is not ignored. Not much is ignored or brushed over.

There are stories about people. All kinds and sorts and at the end of the movie not much has changed with these people. "Same as it ever was" . . . But as observers led through these stories of a people and their town we are taught to observe not only changes but what was there originally, things that we forget to notice after being in a place for a while. "The way the sky looks, doorknobs, the color of white paper." David Byrne says to us of these things as he drives off in the distance on a road to nowhere.

The first time I walked out of the theatre after seeing True Stories I had a twinkle in my eye and a chuckle hidden under my tongue. It made me happy to see the movie because of the sarcasm based on the lives of these Virgilites, but not with any evil intent, just because not only does it poke gentle fun at these people, but it points a ghostly finger at us for being just the same. It's not many chances we have to laugh at ourselves - it's a good feeling.

Shades of Gray: 6 Years as Rollins Partymasters

by Cathy Collins

It begins like this: you hear about them through a friend (usually a worldly upperclassman), or you see the sign in the window of Decades, or you pick up a copy of Music magazine (the free one that gets newsprint all over your fingers), or else (happy accident) you just happen to go to Decades on a night when the Shades of Gray (the band, the myth, the legend) are playing. You will leave, dazed, with beer in your shoes and the certainty that, *whatever* just happened, you just participated in something great and had the time of your life doing it. One thing for sure, you'll be back for more. You may have skidded in the sludge that coats the floor by the end of the night. People you know may have fallen on the stage. The power in the bar may have gone out. But a good time was definitely had by all. Few things in our jaded culture inspire real enthusiasm these days. What is it, then, about these 5 guys (and their 2 or 3 occasional "guest stars") and their music that makes them local heroes and inspires loyalty from such a diverse group of fans? Everyone wants to claim the Shades as their own - from Deadheads to Decades regulars to older disco victims. Despite the somewhat obvious symbolism, the "Shades of Gray" embody their name in their defiance of categorization. Musical karma chameleons, they play a mixture of ska, new wave, rock and roll, and original songs all cemented together with a heavy dose of reggae. The Shades musical style could perhaps be best classified as "Favorite Songs", the band's and the audience's; this very eclecticism creating their off-beat charm. The Shades' lineup of personalities is as eclectic as their musical selection. The band has evolved through several incarnations before reaching their current form as 5 serious musicians, serious about having a good time and playing good music. The band in its embryonic form began when Andy Burr, who came to Florida because "it seemed like a warm place", started jam with Norman Kaehn (Zelo centerfold and 2 Flights bartender), Andrew Hill, then a freshman at Rollins, joined Burr, Kaehn and Tommy Campbell (on keyboards, now of the band "Local Art"), to replace their drum machine. From these beginnings, history. The Shades in their current incarnation is comprised of five guys with other lives. Andy Burr (guitar, lead vocals, and main PR guy) runs an entertainment booking agency. Dave Chanaud, (vocals, keyboards, special effects) the Emilio Estevez lookalike with wraparound sunglasses, is part owner of Decades with former NC Mer Karen Holland. The bassplayer, Grover K. Gregory, the third, is a Certified Public Accountant. Mike Irwin,



who plays a mean lead guitar, is a graduate of Berklee School of Music is a law student. Andrew Hill, whose "real job" is in sales, provides magnificent drumming at all times especially solos when the power goes out at Decades.

The Shades' attitude toward their audience could perhaps be best characterized by an amused indulgence, summed up in Grover Gregory's typically deadpan statement to a typically euphoric Rollins crowd: "This is Decades. They serve beer. Drink it." There's a loose code of acceptance here; if you can pay a cover charge and dance up a storm, you're all right. In today's uncertain world, such predictability is nice.

The largest component to the Shades' charm is that they are *approachable* heroes. In an age where music is largely synthesized, and performers prefabricated, its nice to know that people out there making music are also struggling, also have bad nights, also have to "work for a living," the title of the band's one vinyl excursion, the 4-song LP on A.I.R. records.

A 19th century writer called poets the "unacknowledged legislators of the world." If that writer were around today, he would probably be forced to designate musicians as the unacknowledged poets (and therefore legislators) of the world. In today's society, music has become an industry and a commodity rather than an expression of self. The

onset of the video age has had a lot to do with the "packaging" of the musician into an easily definable and recognizable persona. A lot of bands today seem more know for their haircuts than for their music. The Shades, by the implications of their name, their diverse personalities and careers, and eclectic choice of exciting music, defy the MTV package. "Video may indeed kill the radio star", as the song goes, by chrystallizing a flat image that has little to do with the complexity of creativity in everyday life. In contrast to the wasteland of MTV and Top 40 radio, its heartening to know that real musicians are out there, struggling to realize their dreams, at least part time. And if a good time can be had in connection with expressing the vision within one's being, that's an electric combination.

The Shades can be seen locally at Decades (have you signed the petition saving it from extinction yet?), The Park in Casselberry, The Gypsy Cab Co. (formerly Brazil's), Townsend's Fish House and Tavern, and Negril Palms. If you haven't experienced the fun (and I hope the initiated will excuse the obvious) you've got to hear Bob Marley in juxtaposition with Elvis Costello and maybe some originals for a surprise guest set from Stromin' Norman of 2 Flights fame. So venture out to see the Shades of Gray. The only guarantee is a good time.

A Rock n' Roll

THOROUGHGOOD: a Rock 'n' Roll Revival

When George Thoroughgood and the Destroyers took the stage at Daytona's Ocean Center on Tuesday, November 18, to the theme from "Batman," you knew this was going to be a real rockin' night. Kicking off with a bluesy rendition of "The Price I Had to Pay (for loving you)," closely followed by the hard-driving "Gearjammer," George whipped the crowd into a screaming frenzy. Few seemed to notice the relative fatigue of the Destroyers in comparison with Thoroughgood's gritty energy on such standards as "Bad to the Bone," "Lucille," and "I Drink Alone." This concert-goer sorely missed the incorporation of more of George's fine Memphis blues, but the rock 'n' roll the crowd

Revival

screamed for was there in force, and for two hours the Ocean Center was transformed into one, giant rockabilly bar.

There is no question that the audience plays a big part in establishing the atmosphere of any concert; and after Windwood's well-behaved (at least by rock 'n' roll standards) audience, I found the raunchiness of Thoroughgood's crowd refreshing. All the rock 'n' roll symbols were brought out: black T-shirts, denim (lots of denim), cigarettes, low-grade marijuana, and pocket-size bottles of Early Times. What the Center may have lost in ticket sales it more than made up for in beer sales; although it was no one was drinking alone, almost everyone was drinking. At one point in his set, Thoroughgood tossed his towel to a member of the audience

saying, "You're supposed to drink your beer not spill it on people."

Even though the audience was quite rowdy and quite wasted, there was surprisingly only one incident of violence when a fight broke out briefly in the mass of crazed humanity standing centerstage on the floor. Security seemed to decide that the disturbance would quiet down by itself since there was no way they were going in there on some righteous peace-keeping mission. In fact, the violence was soon overshadowed by sex when a group of women removed their shirts to express their enthusiasm for Thoroughgood's music. Hey man, this is rock 'n' roll!

a crazed concert-goer who was decidedly "dixie fried"

10 Things We Can Do Without

by Kate and Maggie

- *** Yet another mini-series starring Richard Chamberlin (Or anyone that looks like him)
- *** People who wear underwear outside their shorts.
- *** Always having an empty mailbox when the person next to you gets at least 10 letters every day.
- *** Beans — need we say more?
- *** Skinny girls who say they need to lose weight.
- *** People stopping in front of you to talk to a friend without noticing that you're behind them.
- *** Going to the Bookstore to buy 1 item and getting behind somebody in line who has just bought at least \$100 worth of gum, diet coke, cosmetics and Garfield key chains, and is charging it to Mom and Dad.
- *** Sprinklers that seem to go on when you walk by and aim for you with deadly accuracy.

DEAR

Dear Bill,

I have the desire, will and talent (I hope) to start a band. But I need some bass players, a drummer, a lead vocalist, and a violin player. Please help me and I will cut you in for 10% of our earnings after our 1st platinum album.

Fred Morrison

Dear Mr. Morrison:

My lawyers will be calling you soon with a contract in their hands. May I suggest some titles for your first few songs: L.A. Woman, Light My Fire, Love Me Two Times. But Fred, please, stay away from the alcohol and women. They will be the death of you.

Bill

Dear Bill,

I have an intense crush on this girl but she doesn't know how I feel. I mean she knows that I like her but I'm afraid that if I show her how I really feel that she will be scared. I know I should maybe take my time, but I'm very lonely. They say that the waiting is the hardest part and I believe them.

Impatient

Dear Impatient,

I think Phil Collins put it best when he did the remake of "You Can't Hurry Love". And I remember my mother quoting me something about patience being a virtue. My father once told me that everybody gets lonely and you get no hourly wage when waiting, just tips. So take this tip from Bill and don't believe in cliches.

Bill

LL:

Dear Bill:

I am in the middle of a tragic break-up with my girlfriend and I am beginning to experience the "rebound relationship". What exactly should I expect and what is a rebound relationship.

The Courtly One

BI

Dear Rebounder,

The classical rebound relationship is a relationship that begins right after you have broken up with somebody important to you. These relationships can be both very shallow and rewarding. Time is a miracle worker and can put things into perspective. For when you are in love you sometimes can go through a time warp and things move quicker. It reminds me of going down the proverbial highway of life. The quicker you go, the more you have to look ahead and the less you take in around you. And if you have someone understanding to go through this with it can be very pleasant. Remember that good rebounding can be the key to the game.

Bill

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Paul Simon's Graceland: Music to Jerk Knees By

Paul Simon's "Graceland," his best album ever, has caused a knee-jerk liberal backlash. Some of the most influential rock critics around are intent on dismissing the album's great virtues, mythic proportions and disarming musical intelligence because Simon, alas, was just not politically "correct" enough in these fervently anti-apartheid times.

To write "Graceland," of course, Simon trekked off to South Africa as a student to learn of regional rhythms and cultures. He returned to mix what he learned with his own heritage.

But soon after Simon appeared on "The David Letterman Show" with some of the South African musicians from whom he learned and with whom he played (at triple union pay scales), the criticism began.

"Village Voice" critic Robert Christgau blasted the record as naive and wrong-headed. Critic Dave Marsh occurred in his "Rock'n'Roll Confidential." "For Simon," Marsh wrote, "the idea seems to be that in a time and place where communication is difficult, the attempt to create public meaning should be abandoned."

Although both of these critics compliment Simon's writing and integration of diverse musical cultures, neither takes Simon at his lyrical word. Their interpretations of this landmark record make Simon seem like a grad-school English preppie with little or no understanding of the power of prejudice. And just the opposite is true.

The Everly Brothers join Simon to sing the title track, an homage to Elvis Presley's mansion in Memphis, Tennessee. Presley broke the color bar back in 1956 by making black rhythms accessible to a huge white audience, and his legend symbolizes the debt American music has to its black roots.

The open words of the song neatly establish the record's mythical dimensions:

The Mississippi Delta was shining like a national guitar

I am following the river down the highway
Through the cradle of the civil war . . .

For all the personal lyrics here, the album is really about racial integration in America and throughout the world. The musical symbolism couldn't be more incisive.

Every song on Graceland, moreover, is danceable. In fact, the new (to us), South African rhythms are downright ebullient. This is because Simon's guitarist Ray Phiri, bassist Baghiti Kumalo and drummer Isaac Mtshali are all South African, and the music is a direct borrowing from Johannesburg's most popular style, "umganga."

The minority white state even plays "Graceland" on the radio as a bromide to the current state of

emergency. But what's ironic is that these buoyant rhythms are more than a tonic to the melancholy lyrics. They draw their strength from realism. Once again, oppressed blacks are teaching whites how to dance on their problems.

Maybe Simon was not supposed to have learned. In the process of creating a terrific album, he made a couple of political gaffes.

Simon unintentionally broke the United Nations cultural boycott of South Africa by recording some tracks there, a move he now wishes he could take back. But what's more important: the letter of the boycott, or the spirit? Shouldn't a boycott work for the artists instead of against them?

Linda Ronstadt's contribution to the song "African Skies" also is a contentious issue. Christgau thinks her very presence is "a slap in the face to the world anti-apartheid movement." And yet even Ronstadt, who shamelessly played Sun City — South Africa's segregated resort mecca — in the late seventies, ought to be allowed mistakes. Her appearance here in no way endorses apartheid.

These same critics are mute when Ray Charles or Tina Turner, blacks who should know better, play Sun City.

The same fuss about political content in pop music surfaced when John Lennon flip-flopped on the issue of violent political change by singing "count me out, in" on "Revolution" back in 1968.

But if the Lennon debate was besides the point — the song has a moral message that's still worth pondering — condemning "Graceland," which never pretends to be anything but personal, for political insensitivity seems way off base.

Still, on "Graceland" Simon makes even the most personal lyrics politically evocative. When he compares Ronstadt's upbringing in the Arizona desert to singer Joseph Shabalala's childhood in Soweto, he's not consigning either to a social class. He's celebrating the fact that what they both have in common is a voice with which to sing and celebrate life.

Similarly, on "The Myth of Fingerprints," Simon closes the album with the story of a forgotten talk show host, a Jack Paar who could be nobody. The image of the title tells us that it's not our fingerprints that make us unique, it's what we have in common.

These are not exactly pro-apartheid messages.

They run through the album, and cast all the critics' rigid accusations that Simon somehow has sold out to or ignored South African oppression in a bizarre light.

Simon's crime seems to be that he failed to confirm somebody else's political viewpoints. That never works, and it never will. "Graceland" deserves to be judged on its own terms.

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Cornell Opens "Icons" Exhibit



"Icons," an exhibit of colorful Christian paintings by iconographer Father Alexander Jasukowicz, will open in the Cornell Fine Arts Museum on Sunday, December 7, and run thru January 4.

Father Jasukowicz creates altarpieces and devotional panel paintings in a style which dates back to the first century. Iconography from its earliest days complemented the developing dogma of the Christian religion in the Roman Empire. It is a Sacred Art because it expresses the figurative representation the Revelation of God as it is recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

Iconography is a colorful visual interpretation of the Bible which, from the time of antiquity, served as a visual aid to the illiterate.

Also continuing on display thru January 4, is the exhibit, "Craig Rubadoux: Works on Paper 1962-86."

Cornell hours are Saturday and Sunday, 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m., and Tuesday thru Friday, 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Admission is free.



A rare Christmas window made by Louis Tiffany after a design by Thomas Nast, will be shown in "Christmas In The Park." The annual festival staged by The Morse Museum of American Art in Winter Park's Central Park is scheduled for December 11th, 5:30 to 9 p.m. The Nast window will join six massive Tiffany windows placed throughout the park each in its own "light box" for the glittering event.

Nast was one of the leading cartoonists of the 19th Century. His work, published in *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's Weekly*, helped bring down the powerful Tweed ring of New York City. He designed the Democratic Party's donkey and the Republican Party's elephant, but perhaps more lasting was the Santa Claus he designed for America's children.

Nast's Santa was very much like today's Santa Claus (a full beard, red coat, and a waist too big for most chimneys) but there is a difference. His creation has a slender nose and looks less Dutch and more South European.

The original St. Nick, St. Nicholas of Bari, a Middle Eastern Saint, revived three children done in by a villainous innkeeper; and also tossed three bags of gold coins into a house where the father had no money for dowries for three desperate daughters.

"Christmas In The Park" will feature music by the Bach Festival Choir at 7 p.m.

"Christmas Eve" - A leaded glass window designed by Thomas Nast and created by Tiffany Studios, New York, c. 1890.

Christmas in
the Park
Features
Rare Tiffany
Window

The Kaye Korner

Rollins: Apathy Abounds



It's unbelievable how quickly time flies. Here we are in the sixth *Sandspur* of a year almost half over, a year in which soccer season seemed to end just days after it started and suddenly basketball has popped its head out of the ground, failed to see its shadow, and decided to stick around for a while. Unfortunately, those of us affiliated with Rollins sports will once again start an athletic season knowing that this school has the most apathetic student body in America.

Not long ago, the men's and women's basketball teams played what is known as "The Blue-Gold Game." I'll need to explain it, since there were more players than spectators. See, what is done in American colleges (last time I checked, Florida was in America) before basketball season starts and after preseason practice ends is that college basketball teams split in half and play each other, psyching up their fans who have waited anxiously since February for the start of the season. Yes, sports fans, Rollins did this again, but, once again, no one came. Why?

Maybe I'm wrong, but basketball is fun. Maybe I don't know as much about the game as I thought, but Rollins has very good,

competitive, and aggressive basketball teams. Players such as Jeff Wolf, Curt Fiser, Troy Kessinger, Kim Tayrien, Kirsten Dellinger, and Linda Trimble could play at any Division II school in the country. Problem is, you who read this (I assume you can if you're this far in the column) do not know how good they are, since you've never come to see them play!

I cannot figure out why the Enyart-Alumni fieldhouse is never busier than Decades. When the men traveled to play Wake Forest last year, over 5,000 people showed up to watch the Demon Deacons play some little school from Winter Park. Where? Mind you, these are fans accustomed to watching powerhouses like North Carolina and Duke come to town.

I cannot hope for 5,000 fans, but it seems that the only games where there is a Rollins cheering section is when the opponent is our artificial rival U.C.F. (our real rival should be Stetson - think about it!). Problem is, those who go to the U.C.F. game don't go to watch basketball, they go to act like morons and try to out-moron the U.C.F. "people." I won't even mention (I guess I just did) that U.C.F. will draw a Rollins crowd only when

the game takes place here. After all, why go to U.C.F. and pay for a ticket - that money could buy beer (can't do without that, can you?).

Ask the athletes and they will tell you the same thing. One Rollins athlete (who I won't name) said "If we get more fans out there, we could do even better because when you have people cheering, it creates a home field advantage. It just seems to make you do a little bit better." Another claims "Rollins, as a whole, needs to come out and support all its teams. A big crowd just totally changes the whole atmosphere."

Please, don't get so inspired that you make Rollins athletics your number one priority. Take advantage of *everything* that Rollins offers, including spectator sports. If you feel otherwise, please drop me a line at Box 2742. I hope to see lots of you at both men's and women's games this season, but if you can't, there's always WPRK, 91.5 on your FM dial (a quick plug, if I may)!



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Dec. 30	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	Cornell	7:20 pm
Jan. 3	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	University of the South	7:20 pm
Jan. 6	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	Muhlenberg	7:20 pm
Jan. 17	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	Tampa	7:20 pm
Jan. 21	-	Men's Basketball	AT	U.C.F.	7:20 pm
Jan. 24	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	F.I.T.	7:20 pm
Jan. 28	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	Eckerd	7:20 pm
Jan. 31	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	St. Leo	7:20 pm
Feb. 7	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	Florida Southern	7:20 pm
Feb. 16	-	Men's Basketball	vs.	St. Thomas	7:20 pm

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CLIP AND SAVE



THE TAR PIT

Much has been written and said concerning the optimism brought into the 1986-87 season by the Rollins Women's Basketball Team. Last week, the Lady Tars lived up to all that has been said about them by easily winning their first two games by a tremendous 49 point margin — a 99-66 win on the road at Flagler and a 79-63 victory at home over Concordia.

Flagler proved to be no contest whatsoever, as the Lady Tars handed coach Glenn Wilkes, Jr. his first career win. Five players scored in double figures for Rollins, led by co-captain Cindy Blocker who posted 15 points. Kim Erwin popped in 13, Doyne Calvert 12, and Gina Solano and co-captain Linda Trimble added 11 each. Percentage-wise, Flagler shot just as well as Rollins (49.4% from the floor for the Lady Tars, 48% for Flagler), but the game was decided both under the boards and on defense. The Lady Tars pulled down 53 rebounds while Flagler had only 32. Monica McNeil was the main force for Rollins with 8 rebounds. Kirsten Dellinger pulled down 7 of her own. Perhaps the most alarming statistic was the 29 steals tallied by the Lady Tars as opposed to only 5 by Flagler.

The game against Concordia was not as impressive for the Lady Tars as the Flagler game. The Lady Tars played well, indeed, but the ineptness of the Concordia squad greatly con-



Kim Tayrien and Kirsten Dellinger — Central Florida's version of the *Twin Towers*.

tributed to the Rollins victory. Rollins could only shoot 42.8% from the floor as opposed to 40.9% for the Lady Clippers (they shot an anemic 32.6% in the second half). Once again, five Lady Tars hit for double figures. Kim Tayrien was high with 17, Blocker and Trimble each had 12, and Dellinger and Mary

by Gregg Kaye

Johnson popped in 11 each. Concordia won the battle under the boards 49-45 (Dellinger had an incredible 12 rebounds), but their absolutely horrendous 31 turnovers virtually handed the game to Rollins. Without question, the highlight of the game came with just one second remaining. Mary Johnson looked more like Earvin "Magic" Johnson as she put a shot in from the far side of the midcourt line to nail the Clippers' coffin shut.

This reporter has not only been impressed with the optimistic attitude the Lady Tars and Coach Wilkes bring into each game, but the way they back it up with their on the court performances. If any Rollins' team has a legitimate claim to a Sunshine State Conference title this year, this is it. The 1986-87 Women's Basketball Team has the potential to be the finest in the school's history. Legitimate All-America candidates in Tayrien and Dellinger, outstanding leadership from seniors Solano, Trimble, and Blocker, experience off the bench in Calvert, Erwin, Johnson, McNeil, Jeri Ferree and Eileen Tobin, and a gritty, gutsy newcomer in Heather Leckie give the team the blend of experience and youth that can go a long way. Trek over to the fieldhouse and treat yourself to some quality women's basketball. I guarantee you'll see plenty of it from the 1986-87 Lady Tars.

Gridders Maul Bucs, 74-0; Cucamonga Next in Avocado Bowl

The Tars celebrated Thanksgiving Day in mighty impressive fashion, destroying the Tampa Bay Buccaneers 74-0 before a standing-room-only crowd of 80,001 in the Coffie Dome. Following the traditional Burdine's Thanksgiving Day parade down Park Avenue, the Fighting Rollini had a parade of their own as they cruised to their tenth straight win against no defeats. Nine different players accounted for the 73 points, the most scored by a Rollins team since the final game of 1958 when the legendary Boyd Coffie amassed all 84 points in an 84-0 romp over Bithlo A & T.

1 Minute, 2 Touchdowns

The Tars struck early, scoring twice in the first minute of play. Tyrone Slicke returned the opening kickoff 97 yards untouched to put the Tars ahead 7-0. Steve Young, eventually sacked 14 times by the "Killer G" defense of "Garbage Disposal" Gratz, "Cracker" Graham, Whitey Gold, and Bob Grant, knew he would be in for a long day when his first pass was intercepted and returned 26 yards for a touchdown by linebacker Meat Hunter. A 46 yard scoring strike from Lefty Field to John Swann and a 23 yard off-tackle run by McDonald "One Leg" Stumpp

put the Tars ahead 28-0 after the first quarter.

50 Points at the Half

The second quarter provided little relief for the overmatched Bucs. Lefty Field pulled off a superb bootleg from four yards out to give Rollins a 35-0 lead. The Bucs troubles continued when a James Wilder fumble landed in the end zone and was recovered by John Ecarson to extend the margin to 42-0. With under a minute to play in the half field found Lynn Stallworth wide open in the end zone. Tars' mentor Vince Lombardo pulled out the gadget plays as the conversion saw the ball snapped to kicker Jacques Strappe who ran in for two points, giving the Tars an incredible 50-0 lead at the half.

Following a spectacular halftime show which featured the Rollins Marching Band under the direction of Dr. John Sinclair performing "Script Rollins," the 80,001 Tar supporters started chanting "Hundred," with hopes of their beloved Tars repeating a 50-point first half outburst. Their hopes did not become reality, but the Tars continued their scorefest over the next two quarters.

Stumpp Scores Third TD

The third quarter saw the Bucs defense hold the Tars to only two touchdowns. A dive over the line by David "Bandy Legs" Rabinowitz and a 12-yard run by Stumpp added to the score, 64-0 in favor of Rollins. Fourth quarter scoring accounted for only 10 points, as Strappe booted a 36-yard field goal and Stumpp scored his third touchdown of the evening to secure a 74-0 Tar win.

Just Shy of 2000

Individual performances saw Stumpp carry the ball 241 yards on 23 carries to increase his season yardage to 1908 yards, Rabinowitz gain 102 yards, his first 100-yard game of the season, Field complete 16 of 22 passes for 197 yards, and Strappe kick 9 extra points while scoring 14 points on his own.

If this game was any indication of the future, the Avocado Bowl game on New Year's Day should be no problem, whomever the Tars play. The Tars likely opponent will be Cucamonga College, a California school which also compiled a 10-0 record, their most recent win a 66-0 romp over the Indianapolis Colts.

Tampa Bay 0 0 0 0 - 0
Rollins 28 22 14 10 - 74

1st Quarter

R - Slicke 97 KO return (Strappe kick)
R - Hunter 26 Int. return (Strappe kick)
R - Swann 46 pass from field (Strappe kick)
R - Stumpp 23 run (Strappe kick)

2nd Quarter

R - Field 4 run (Strappe kick)
R - Ecarson fumble rec. in end zone (Strappe kick)
R - Stallworth 18 pass from Field (Strappe run)

3rd Quarter

R - Rabinowitz 2 run (Strappe kick)
R - Stumpp 12 run (Strappe kick)

4th Quarter

R - Strappe 36 FG
R - Stumpp 11 run (Strappe kick)

Rushing - Rollins: Stumpp 23-241,
Rabinowitz 9-102,
Raidneck 4-31, Field
2-1

Tampa Bay: Wilder 14-96, Young
18-13, Springs 2-6

Receiving - Rollins: Swann 9-114,
Stallworth, 7-83

Tampa Bay: Magee 4-53, Carter
2-21

Passing - Rollins: Field
16-22-197-0 (int.)-2(td)
Dale 2-3-44-0-0

Tampa Bay: Young 7-26-82-4-0

Attendance: 80,001

MEN'S BASKETBALL

12/13 @ Northwestern*
12/15 @ Northern Illinois
12/17 @ Indiana State
12/29 Bryant
12/30 Cornell*
1/2 Coe
1/3 Univ. of the South*
1/6 Muhlenberg*
1/8 @ St. Leo
1/10 Maine-Farmington
1/14 @ Florida Southern
1/17 Tampa*
1/21 @ Central Florida*
1/24 F.I.T.*
1/28 Eckerd*
1/31 St. Leo*
2/4 @ St. Thomas
2/7 Florida Southern*
2/11 @ Tampa
2/13 Flagler
2/16 St. Thomas*
2/18 @ F.I.T.
2/21 @ Eckerd

* broadcast by WPRK 91.5-FM

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

12/30 Cornell
1/2,3 Tangerine Tournament
1/6 Tufts
1/8 Lee
1/10 California State
1/14 @ Florida Southern
1/17 Tampa
1/19 @ St. Leo
1/24 F.I.T.
1/28 Eckerd
1/29 @ Dillard
1/30 @ New Orleans
2/4 @ St. Thomas
2/7 Florida Southern
2/10 St. Leo
2/12 @ Tampa
2/16 St. Thomas
2/18 @ F.I.T.
2/21 @ Eckerd



Curt Fiser and Jeff Wolf provide the Tars' scoring punch this year.



Mary Johnson's last second, half-court jumper highlights win over Concordia.



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"No, No, Nancy" and "Ron Takes
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In the Next Issue:

An in-depth undercover investigation

into the

Soviet
Attempt to
Gag
America

